## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 150 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and adverse plainly at the bottom of the tory.

Whatever you sre-Be that!
Whatever you say-Be true!
Straightforwardly not,
Be honest-in fact,
Be nobody else but-you." POETRY.

The Downy Woodpec The Downy is a drummer-boy, his drum a hollow limb; If people listen or do not, it's all the it with a will, never runs away; when you find him present, you may hope that he will stay. GARRETT NEWKIRK InBird Lore

If you see a animil with 2 tales, Dont think that you are drunk, ekause the animil is a elefunt, And the frunt tales is its trunk.

It mite be called a trunk bekause
It carrys stuff to eet and drink of.
But they proberly called it a trunk lt's the only naim they cood think of

Elefunts skins is tuff and thick And are sumetimes called there hides.

Mabe bekause there used to hide The elefunts insides.

An elefunts disposishin Is loving, kind and gentle, But an elefunts ears is so verry large defunts natcheral nature

affeckshinit and sweet, it nevvir takes prizes at bewty Beeing to big erround the feat.

You can clime awn its back and takes a ride And go in eny direckshin, Wich must be lots of fun, perviding The elecunt has no upjeckshin.

Pd like to have a elefant
And be kind to it and pet it,
But it wouldent fit in our house,
So I'll proberly nevvir get it.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE.

AWAKES. This is the season of picnics and weeks, which will cover the seaso

nutting time in the woods. How do you suppose these little pleasure trips to the woods and seahave never looked this up. Well it

Pienies are common to all countries places in warm weather, because in their homes on the mountains, in the

called a "fools feast" because people go a long ways from home carrying poorer food than they are accustomed to in the home, and call what seems to others to be discomfort, pleasurethe pleasure of eating indigestible

In this part of the world we call these little outings picnics because of the one known as "hot-dog."

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1-Roslyn Fox, of Preston-Three Little Women as Wives. 2-Irene Matheiu, of Willimantie Madge Morton's Secret.

3-Angie Whyte, of Stafford Springs

## THE LESSON ALICE LEARNED

Alice Hunting as she threw herself down in the morris chair.

A week before Mr. Hunting, Alice's around the closet for the slippers, down in the morris chair.

A week before Mr. Hunting, Alice's A week before Mr. Hunting, Alice's father, brought home the news that the bank had lost a great deal of money and had to clee its doors, and Mr. Hunting thought he had lost almost all his money.

most all his money.

And that was what Alice thought was terrible. All her life she had had the things she wanted in reason and she never knew what the word "poverty" meant. The past week she had gone to school and had tried to be as cheerful as usual before her friends.

Sitting room. She tried to think of something to cheer him up. A thought flashed over her and where was that disting to cheer him up. A thought flashed over her and where was that the word "poverty" meant. The past week she had go out and tell him quickly. There it was. She scampered back to where her father sat.

"Thank you, dear," said he. Alice gathered with rent money in their pockets, and in their wagons a share where grain was something to cheer him up. A thought flashed over her and where was that go out and tell him quickly. There it was. She scampered back to where her father sat.

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"Thank you, dear," said he. Alice gathered with rent money in their pockets, and in their wagons a share was the something to cheer him up. A thought flashed over her and where was that go out and tell him quickly. There it was. She scampered back to where the same of They had wanted her to go to several entertainments with them, but always she had to decline. She was interrupted in her thinking by laughing and merry voices outside. Soon

"Oh! Dotty," said 'Alice to one, "I can't possibly!"

"Why not?" they all asked.

"Well," stammered Alice, "I might as well tell you now as anytime." Her voice quivered, and her eyes were blinded with tears, "You see almost all the money we had was in the bank you heard about, and now we are poor, so I cannot go to the theaters and such places again."

"Oh, you poor thing!" said Dotty's best friend. "Is this why you haven't been with us lately?"

"Yes." answered Alice.

"I a beautiful lake about twenty miles from where they lived. Several years before Mr. Hunting had it built and each summer they spent some time there, "You see, child I hate to tell you," and Mr. Hunting heaved a sigh, "but I have had to put this home of ours on to the market for gale.

"Oh, daddy, daddy!" cried Alice, "Oh, daddy, daddy!" cried Alice, her eyes overflowing with tears. To think that her home, her beautiful home that she had always lived in should be sold.

"We can't, daddy, we can't, can we?"

all the money we had was in the bank you heard about, and now we are poor, so I cannot go to the theaters and such places again."

"Oh, you poor thing!" said Dotty's best friend. "Is this why you haven't been with us lately?

"Yes," answered Alice.
Gladys Simmons tossed her head:
"Come on girls! We have to eat dinner and dress before we go."

"Gladys Simmons, for shame!" cried Dotty, and one of two more of Alice's

Dotty, and one of two more of 'Alice's

chums. "Of course we won't go," added Dotty.
"Oh, yes! Flease go", begged Alice.
"What! And leave our leader out of our good times," cried Dotty.
"Yes, yes, you must go," cried Alice.
"for it would be much harder for me to bear if you girls stayed at home," "Deally 2" overied Dotty.

"Really?" queried Dotty.
"Yes indeed!" said Alice.

"Yes indeed!" said Alice.

"Are you girls ever coming?" cried.
Gladys from the door.

"Oh, that sneb!" exclaimed Dotty nodding her head toward the hall where Gladys was.

"Why Dotty, no," said Alice, "don't you remember we have acted just that way lots of times to Ellen Gray."

"Oh, well, you're different," said Dotty.

Dotty. "No, not any different in money matters, now," said Alice.
"Well, we'll have to go" put in one

"Well, we'll have to go" put in one of the girls.

"Yes." replied Dotty. "Good-bye," and they all ran out.

Alice moved her chair nearer the fire and rested her head on her hands. She had told them all about it and probably they would never run in again, except Dotty. But why should they she thought. Hadn't she treated Ellen Gray the same way? Many times had Ellen gone by and she had looked at her shabby and patched coat and then looked away. Never had she spokenia cheenful word to her and Ellen had come every week for the laundry.

Alloe Hunting a mother had died when she was eight years old and now she was eight years old and now she was eight years old and now she was eight years motherless.

Mr. Hunting came softly in and peeped through the hall into the sitting room. His already tired and white face grew whiter still as he saw Alice deep in thought looking into the fire.

and Alice jumped as he came into the sitting room.

"Oh, daddy," cried she, jumping up.
"I didn't hear you come in."

"I know it, dear", answered Mr.
Hunting, and his weary voice sounded so sad to her.

He sattdown in a great leather chair that she pulled up to the fireplace.

"Well, how have you been?" he asked trying to make his voice sound as cheerful as possible.

"All right" she answered, then springing up she cried, "Oh, I forgot housecout and slippers. Excuse

slipped off his coat and put on his house coat, she knelt on the floor and unlaced his shoes and put on his slip-pers. Then she went back to her

the door opened and a group of girls ran in.

"Oh! Alice," cried one, running over to the fireside to get warm, "we want you—", she was interrupted by the other girls. "To go to the theater with us tonight."

"Oh! Door believe to be the theater with us tonight."

"Oh child I don't believe I could leave here for a while," he answered. Evergreen was the name of their little cottage." with us tonight."

"Oh! Dotty," said Alice to one, "I can't possibly!"

"Why not?" they all asked.

"Well," stammered Alice "T as well to believe I could Evergreen was the name of their little cottage that stood on the shores of a beautiful lake about twenty miles from where they lived. Several years before Mr. Hunting the several years as well to!"

"We can't, daddy, we can't, can we?" she sobbed.

she sobbed.

"Yes, we have to dear, and that is why I thought we couldn't go to Evergreen. I have to stay here and attend to the selling of the house."

"But daddy, couldn't Mr. Stevens see

"Well perhaps so, if you want to go so badly, I'll see, maybe somehow, I can fix it up with Mr. Stevens."

And sure enough he did. Before another week passed Mr. Hunting and Alice bade their home good-bye and in a few days they were stamping their feet and going into the cheery little with the others went about to see Alice bade their home good-bye and in a few days they were stamping their feet and going into the cheery little cottage, and the first place was soon roaring and the teakettle soon boiling. It was in the fall so though perhaps chilly it was delightful to take tramps over the hills. Each day Alice and ther father walked miles and, in a week Alice had regained her color while Mr. Hunting grew cheerful and happy once more. While they were tramping they tried not to think of their home and the money. They were trying to enjoy the woods and birds as if nothing at all had happened to them.

So the two weeks flew quickly by and as their home had not been sold they were back there again. The second day after they returned at night Alice was out in the kitchen making biscuits for supper, for there was no maid now, when she heard her father come through the hall. How quick his steps seemed tonight and she gave

"No, daddy, not for nothing," said
Alice solemnly, "far from it. If you
knew the great big lesson I got from
it, daddy."

"Yes, darling, perhaps it did us both
good."

good."

After supper was over and dishes were done, Mr. Hunting and Alice pulled their chairs up to the fireplace and Alice told her father how she wanted to help and get friendly with Ellen Gray, and her father joined with her in planning to make Ellen's life far pleasanter than it had been in the past few years.

Medford Oregon.

7-May Dune, of Bakerfield, Calif.

8—Pauline Smolowitz, of Norwich—The Submarine Boys for the Fing.
Winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 s. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGE-

Grace Surrills, of Stafford Springs— Thank you very very much for the nice prize book "Tom Pairfield At Sea." Thomas O'Connell, of Norwich—I have just finished reading my prine book entitled The Boy Scouts in the Blue Ridge. It is a very interesting book and I thank you very much for

Jessie Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y.: I received the prize book, A Gay Charmer, for which I thank you very much. It is very interesting.

Marguerite Sutthill of Norwich: I received my prize book entitled Deb and the Duchess and I thank you very much for it. I have started to read it end I have found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY AWAKES,

Life on the Farm.

I am going to tell you of my life on the farm. The first thing in the morning is miking the cows. We have six of them, all of which are gentle. Feeding the chickens is delightful. My favorite hen is Speckles. I gave her that name because of the white spots on her body. She eats the corn out of my hand, and when I call her she will come right up to me. I am learning her to shake hands now. The other hens are all afraid of me.

We have fifteen chicks and nine small ducks.

We have fifteen chicks and nine small ducks.

Mother rings the bell for me to go into the house to help clean around a little after feeding the chickens. After my work in the house is done, I go to see how our old Peter is, for you must know that Peter is the pig. We raised him from a little thing. He does not like this warm weather very well, and he is not a favorite with dogs. His house is made of the top of an old wagon and the floor is covered with hay to sleep upon.

Seeing he was well fed, I go to see the rabbits. We have three of them. Their names are Pinky, Ginger and Robert. Pinkey is my own, but Ginger and Robert are my brother's. Pinky is very tame. Ginger is a bit snappy at strangers.

The pigeons next to the rabbits house, live in a large bird house. Seeing the pigeons and rabbits are well I next go in to dinner.

After dinner I go to play with my a biscuit known by that name which became a stand-by for those who took a day off with rations that were palateable and would keep sweet and sustaining without ice until wanted to eat. If it had not been for these biscuits the picnic might have got its name from sandwiches; perhaps from the one known as "hot des"

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I next go in to dinner.

After dinner I go to play with my dog Ned.

ROSLYN FOX. Preston. Rent Day on the Hudson. On the great estates owned by the Patroon, events took place which were seen nowhere else in the colon-

were seen nowhere else in the colon-les.

The Patroon's house, usually made of bricks or stone, was of great size, often three stories high. The rooms were many and large, and frequently finely decorated. The furniture and diamond shaped windows spoke of great wealth. Orchards and gardens often extended down to the Hudson. Near by was a barn where grain was at stored and where cattle found com-fortable quarters.

of what they had raised.

Rent day was a holiday, and every farmer and his family were dressed

in their best clothes.

A great feast was prepared. An ox, sheep, and pigs had been roasted. Dozens of servants, white and black, hastened to and fro waiting upon the people who ate, drank and made merry.

merry,
Everybody said the Patroon was a kind-hearted man.

When the farmers went to their homes to begin again their hard labor, they could not help wishing their farms were their own, and that they did not have to pay rent. IRENE MATHIEU, Age 14.

Our Pionic.

Last Tuesday morning at sunrise we started on our little picnic to Diamond ledge.

mond ledge.

Mother prepared the lunch for the journey the previous evening, therefore we were all ready within a half The auto was quite well packed, for The auto was quite well packed, for there were ten of us in all.

On the way we saw a few squir-rels, but what we noticed particular-ly was a cute little lamb, as white as snow, which frisked about its moth-

A Fishing Party.

One day I invited a crowd of people to go fishing at the river.

My sister got a pickerel the first time she put her hook in the water. I caught two dace. We started from home at six at night and came home at 9.

My sister caught an eel, and she couldn't pull it in, so my father pulled it out for her. Gertrude and I caught all the fish.

SUSAN HATTEN, Age 9.

A Young Protector. A Young Protecter.

One day while I was riding in a car, a man got in with a little child. He placed him on the seat opposite me and went out on the platform. The child sat there for a few minutes with a troubled look in his face and then called out, "papal"

Looking out of the window, he noticed the father standing there and seemed satisfied for a while. Soon, however, a new thought came to his mind, and, looking anxiously toward his father he said:

"Papa, is it raining?"

The father shook his head; but the

The Beaver. Beavers are dound to Canada-and the United States. They are valued chief-by for their fur, which is made into hats and coats. These are experted and at one time were the chief-experts

there is a set of four on the upper sing lower faw.

When cutting down a tree, which the heaver does with his two front chisel-like teeth, he sits on his hind feet, supporting himself with his tail. He can cut down a tree measuring from five inches in diameter to one measuring eleven inches. When a tree is about to fall he signals by flapping his tail on the ground. Thus a beaver is rarely ever killed by a falling tree, for they get out of the way.

During the summer the beaver travels, eating as he goes along. The beginning of September he looks for a suitable place to build a house, or he repairs some forsaken last year beaver house.

HELEN M. WHITTAKER.

HELEN M. WHITTAKER. Providence, R. I.

"Father may I have five cents for a pencil?" asked Robert.
"Why, Robert, this is the fourth one this week," answered his father.
"Yes, but I lose them. I don't know

My brother has a goat. It is red and white, with a little black on it. My father brought him a big express wagon with a pair of shafts on it. We hitch it up in the wagon and drive it. One day when I was in the wagon I pulled the goat's tail and made it run all the faster.

ERNESTINE LINCOLN, Age 10. North Windham.

Luther Burbank. Luther Burbank was born March 19, 1848. He is a very intelligent

When he was a boy he showed his love for flowers and trees. He chose flowers for pets. When he was little he had a cactus given to him. He carried this cactus around with him as if it was a cat. One day he fell and broke the pot and plant. He cried over it as if it was a cat or dog.

When he was about twenty-one with anough money he went to Santa Rosa. There he started a nursery. Here he has done wonderful things.

He made plums taste like a "Bartlett pear." He would make sour fruits sweet, and delicious; change little flowers into large ones, hard fruits into soft and mellow fruits.

HOPE COMSTOCK, Age 12.

A Reindrop's Life.

I am a raindrop. I like my life because there are many adventures in it. Here is one:

I had lived in the ocean a long time when one day I heard oid Mother Earth tell Grandma Sea that we were needed on earth.

One day Uncle Sun took us to see Auntie Cloud. We had a lovely time there, and one day King Thunder sent us to the earth because he was anough the sea.

We fell into a trough where many of my brothers were drank by animals. I was carried to a boat by the sea and thrown into the sea.

HOPE COMSTOCK, Age 12.

elf, he commanded it is gried auti-fic was now in the middle of the rosan. So it ground till the ship sank with its powerful machine. So day and aight this machine is grieding ealt, and this is why the sea is salted. JEANNETTE CHARTIER, Age 11. Wauregen.

Robert kept track o fthe pencils he bought.

At the end of three years he picked three barrets of cranberries and sold them at twelve dollars a barrel. But the pencils he used amounted to seventy-five cents. He learned to be more careful and sparing with his money, as he now knew how hard it was to get it.

Unsigned.

Camping at Crystal Lake.

Camping at Crystal Lake.

A doll hunt ensued, but I was nowhere to be found. At length the housemaid came in to clean the parior. When she found me I was given to the owner.

Campling at Crystel Lake.

My finite and mother and brothers and sitters got our things ready for the cleant the part of the court was an analysis of the court with the court of their season and the court was an analysis of the court was an analysi

GEORGE A. KASS, Age 11. Mansfield Four Corners. The First Mail in America. on with a pair of shafts on it. We hitch it up in the wagon and drive it. One day when I was in the wagon I pulled the goat's tail and made it run all the faster.

The first mail on the America. The first mail on the American continent started from New York to Boston on New Year's day, 1673. The postman followed the Bowery lane till it merged into the wagon road just finished to the new village of Hariem. After a cooling draught, he passed Greenwich and Stamford, and so on the wagon and I was running in front to New Haven. over.
One day my brother was riding in the wagon and I was running in front of the goat. I fell down and before I had time to get up the goat walked ever me with my brother in the wagon. It dumped him out.
My brother can do most anything with her. She will not try to bunt him over.

The wagon and I was running in front to New Haven.
Now it was a newly built stretch of land that our postman followed, but oftener a mere bridlepath or an ancient Indian trail.
From Springfield eastward his path must have been watercourses of which the Boston and Albany railroad now the Boston and Albany railroad now the strength of the same of the same of the will be a second to the cooling draught, he passed Greenwich and Stamford, and so on to New Haven.
Now it was a newly built stretch of land that our postman followed, but oftener a mere bridlepath or an ancient Indian trail.

takes advantage.

When the postman returned with the return mail he emptied his New York bag on a broad table in the coffee box. MOLLIE SEGAL, Age 10. A Raindrop's Life.

MARION CLOUGH. Willimantic. Once there was a man who owned a one day as Nan sat on a bench in owerful machine which, at the ownre command, would grind until he near her, and the two became great

A Dolf's Story.

Ally home was in a large box in the state of the stat

There are two ways to feed the cornstalks to cattle silage and dry fodder. Silage is best because the cattle do not eat the dry stalks well and therefore waste much.

The husks are used for mattresses and corn-husk mats.

Whele corn is fed to all stock including hens.

Ground corn or meal is used both for the cattle and when ground fine for the house.

for the cattle and when ground fine for the house.

People used to eat more of their food made from corn and corn meal than they do now. They will use more this winter on account of the war.

Corn meal ground fine is made into hominy. It is often used for supper and fried for breakfast.

Hulled corn is scaled in lye to get the germ out, it is then scaked in cold water to get the alkali out and it is then boiled until soft.

Cornstarch is very widely used, to thicken pudding, also soup and ice cream.

DAVID CARLYE, Age 12.

Graduation Exercises.

Dear Uncle Jed: Now that I have my summer vacation and no more hard studying, I hope to write oftener to the Wide Awake Circle.

I passed all my examinations and therefore I was able to graduate. The graduates from our high school attended the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church.

Monday evening we attended the class day exercises which were very successfully carried out.

Our Commercial department, comprised of seven graduates, had three of the members to write the class history, prophecy, and will, then read them before everybody.

My sister and I could have taken part in any of these but we did not know the school as well as the others so we did not try.

After these papers had been read, the rest of the evening was passed in dancing and serving refreshments.

Theseday night we held our Commencement exercises at the opera house in Oyster Bay. Speeches were made by the graduates; bibles and diplomas were distributed and last of all, beinguets.

My sister and I each received a

left the opera house.

I enjoyed reading last Thursday's Bulletin as the Wide Awake's stories were interesting and I thank' you for printing mine.

LILLIAN BREMAUT.

East Norwich, New York.

Young Handel.

Dear Uncle Jed: Handel was a little girl only nine years old. She was very fond of music and often when she was alone she would sit down at the plame and play a few shert pleces her sister had taught her.

Now Handel could read notes very well and she also knew the names of the lines and spaces and of the charps and flats; but she was oally nine years old, so her mother would not let her take music lessons.

One night what do you think she did? You never can guess, so I will tell you. She got ready for bed earlier than usual. This made her mother think she was ill; but Handel had not gone to bed, she had crept into the parlor and was softly playing on the plane when her mother heard her.

Soon her father took the lantern and peeped in to see Handel trying to play his favorite piece.

After that Handel took music lessons and when she grew up she became a music teacher.

Often when she taught children nine years old she would tell them how she became a music teacher.

came a music teacher. ROSE BROMLEY, Age 12. Eagleville, Conn.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

brown. Then they burst open and the cotton is ready for picking. Then the whole field looks like a vast stretch of snow.

We will try to imagine ourselves picking these queer fluffy balls, What are those hard things inside the cotton, Why. those are the seeds. How hard they sitck. Let us try to take them out of a bunch. It is not so easy as we thenk and we soon give up.

A great many years ago a man thought himself very lucky indeed, if he cleared one pound per day; but now times have changed and three hundred or more pounds are seeded in the same space of time, by the aid of the cotton gin, which was invented by Eli Whitney, a very fine citizen of Massachustin and more besides, is packed in large bales and shipped to be manufactured into cloth.

DAVID CARLYE, Age 12.

He Has Wen Twenty-eight Books.

Dear Uncle Jed:—I thank you very much for the nice prize book you gave me last week. I have read it, and I found it very interesting.

I also thank you very much for the nice prize book you gave me last week. I have read it, and I found it very interesting.

I have books that you have given me. I have won twenty-eight books and as I have graduate from the Wide-Awake Circle to give some others a chance.

I hope some other boy or girl will take my place, as it is a pleasure to write the stories, to receive the books, and also to read them as they are such nice books.

I hope some other boy will take my place and have as much pleasure as I have had in receiving the books.

Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours truly,

Norwich.

Norwich. Norwich.

Silk Making.

In the Rhone valley one sees grove after grove of mulberry trees, which are carefully tended. The leaves are eaten by the silkworms in summer.

The silkworm weaves a cocoon about itself. The material of which the cocoon is made is a thread about two miles long.

The single thread is so fine that several have to be united to make it strong enough to weave or spin.

The silk industry can be carried on in any climate where mulberry trees grow.

Norwich.

[Master Pardy has been one of our best writers. We do not remember that the ever sent in a carelessily written story or that a single word ever had to be corrected. His paine-taking work for the Wide-Awake Circle leaves no doubt in our mind of his ability to make his way in high-ur schools or in any walk of lifeaUncle a name, or a fortune, or both. The patience, care and fidelity he has shown must form a good foundation for bis future success in whatever he may undertake.]

in any climate where mulberry trees grow.

The changes of the cocoon require much labor, skill and care.

Silk production is mostly carried on in the parts of the world where laborses will accept low wages and where the people have done this work before.

China produces the largest amount of raw silk.

France also produces a large amount.

Many years ago in the Colonial days the people of Willington and Westford raised silkworms.

The Chency mills in Manchester make very fine silks from the thread produced in other countries.

West Willington.

West Willington.

Her Paps Works in the Oil Fields.

Uncle Jed:—I thought I would write and let you know that I live in Cailfornia and my papa works in the oil fields: and it looks so funny to see the oil pumped out of the ground. Then they heat it, and then pump it into large tanks.

Wa have no school now, it is so warm here. I have to walk 1½ miles to school.

My grandma sends my papa The Bulletin every week and he is silways giad to get it.

My grandma and grandpa live in Taftville, Conn., and I am going to see them next summer.

LILLIAN MAY DUNS, Age 8.

Bakersfield, Cal.



Martha Washington 20 East 10th St., mor Fifth Aces.

ADVANTAGES

The service is of their ever execute itself nearth all the complexes are wontent; the tall places and puging systems in the country and the resolution of a country and a selection of their resolution of the country of the country to the country to the country of a well are to the country and at a country to the country and at a country and at

Old School and Home Week. Dear Uncle Jed:—I am going to tell you about Old School and Home

Week.
Old School Week was first suggested by Allen B. Lincoln.
Old School Week was to call back to Willimantic all who went to School here when they were little boys and siris.

Thursday was the parade for Old girls.
Thursday was the parade for Old School Week.
President Taft spoke at the Parkand the school children dressed in Red, White, and Blue, sang America. I was very near President Taft and I heard him say: "Little boys and girls had too long vacations. It was the teachers who needed the vacations." tions."
Old School Week lasted from June:
21st to June 18th.
ROSE EGAN, Age 8.
Willimantic, Conn.

Unsightly. Spread to Top of Head. Caused Hair to Fall Out in Combfuls. Kept Awake at Night. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

105 Village St.; Medway, Mass stetor's hives began with intense Stahing under the etim all around her neck and way up on her head so that the braided. The breaking out was unsightly and the Stahing on her neck was so bed she could not keep her hands away from it. Porhaps that is why it spread way up to

away from it. Porhaps that is why it spread way up to the top of her head and caused her hale to full out in combitule. It also kept her awaits, at night. Piery red spots broke out inter that caused much disfipurement and the include and burning were intense.

"After about two weeks suffering she commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Relief from the burning and include came very soon and two weeks from that time she was entirely healed." (Signed) Mrs. F. A. Stackpole, August 5, 1914.

Sample Each Free by Mail



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